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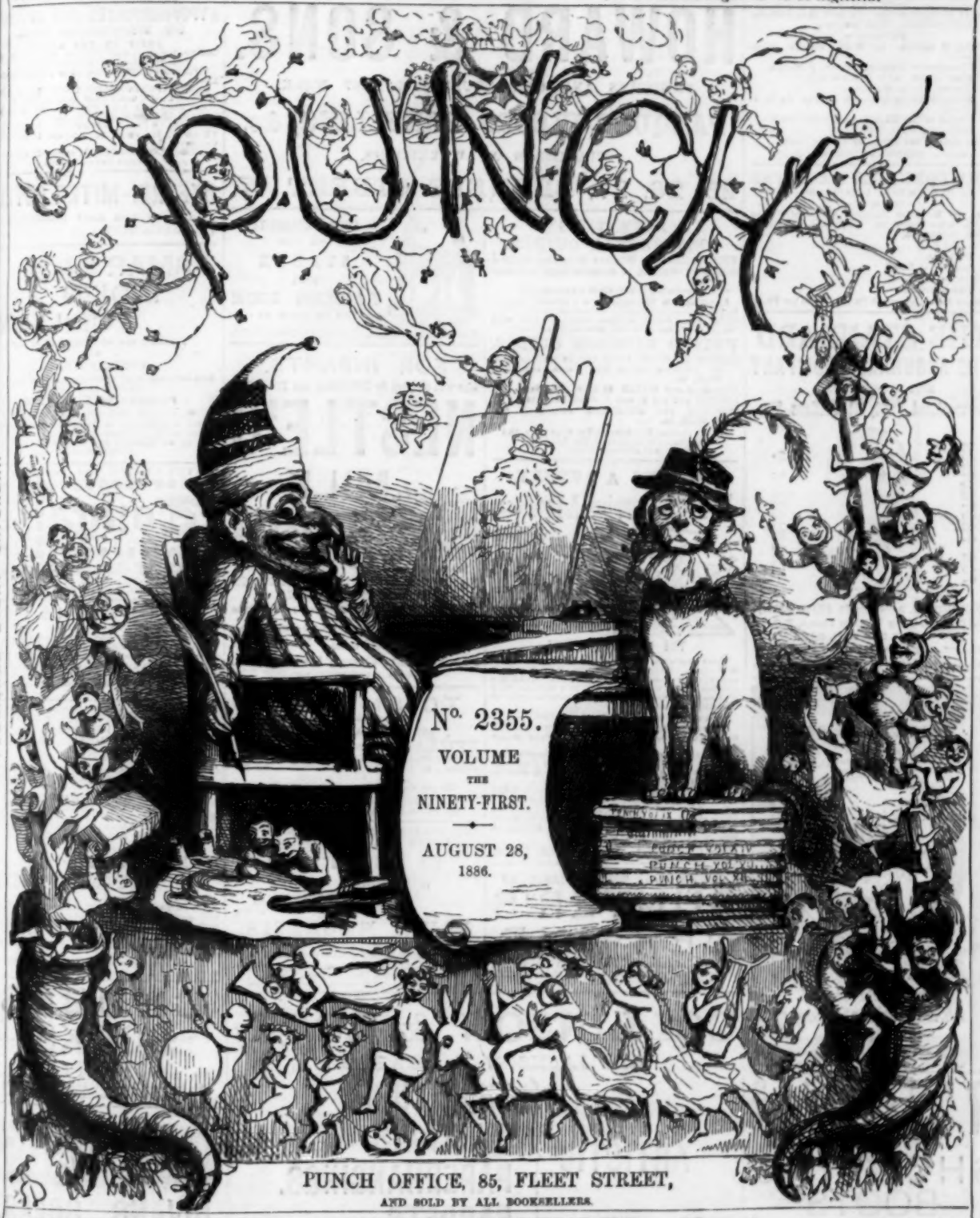

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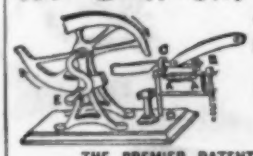

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HOODLUM.

From Citizen Jules Gueulard, *French Working Men's Delegate, London, to Citizen* Hoodlum P. Crank *at Mrs.* Bulldose's *Boarding House, Hyde Park, Chicago Ill. U.S.A.*

Fren and Brozerre,

Here is more zan eight day I rest in dis mud-fog-dust-smoke ty, annoying myself sometime, amusing myself too, by time. Your letter from Chicago, he come yesterday. He very pretty, special when it is of blood you speak. I am well ease to hear from my good fren vid vich I vork more than one year in the carpet factory of those German pigs, Schweinhund an Rauschinken. Fraternal salutation to all French comrade in factory. Embrace of solidarity to Blaguefort *dit* Tapedur, Emile Savate, Pierre Chassepoil an Alphonse Grincheux, *dit* Boule de Suif. I hope you all strike often, an shoot at rich fabricant an banker, n de heart tell you of it. Here we are living as Delegates, like cock paste. Every day he come feast. At Quadrant dining-room of e Exposition at Sow Kensington, I fin a charming ousiterre name obert. *Robert toi que jaime!* He is Remembrancerre and aterre Bajliffs Young Man to the Lor Maire, but zat tyrant is in cancies, an Robert he wait at Quadrant. Afterre long talk to me obert he said, "I am going avay, Mossoo." I say "Go, my fren." n he murmur somethin about "arfacrown." Vat is arfacrown? know francs an centimes, dollars an cents, but no arfacrown. obert tells me he is journalist. He introduce me to Sir Cunliffe, ilor Trendell, General Somervine, all journalists. Ve Delegate dine vid ze Tyrants Entrails Club and vid de Tom Paine Club, d sop vid ze Ancient Order of Ragamoffin, ze Liberty an Property holition League. Tomorrow a gingrog of honour at the hall of the ciety for the Destruction of Modern Buildings. Zay talk too of aking us Nites of ze Raw Onion League, a Society instituted in nour of ze memory of Odgerre, a patriot proletaire who loved w onion to folly. Already we enjoy dere Spartan fare. Bread, eese of Holland, onion an porterrebeer. Zen gin grog. Zen pipe, n fite. A Dame of League, charming but red head, propose decorate me vid onion in button-hole. I endeavour to florate her s. She say, "two bob and benderre." Vot is two bob an enderre? Zen she say, "rhino," "tin," "stump up," "money." comprehend. I zay "no." Zen she push me in ze eye, vich is w black as heart of millionnaire.

Adieu for ze moment, my fren. I go now to opening of Chambers Vestminsterre, In ze Senate I am to hear Lord Wilfrid Lawson's discourse in éloge of rum-grog. He will be oppose by another er of same name, Lor Harry Lawson, one of ze chief of ze mpancratie, or Igh Tory party. Sir Parnell I have not yet erd. ast Sunday Bibi La Grillade, Jambonard *dit* Coco, and Félix avrocheur *dit* Gâtemouchard. Ive spend day vid Citizen abouchere, at the Villa of Popp, Tweekenam. Popp was poet. ell poet and well strong in Greek. Omera, an Irish banker, ch, a monster of crime, and vain, pay Popp to translate Virgil from e Greek, and pass it off as is own; but ze Critics find out ze fraud, n ze book always known now as *Popp's Omera*. Hate cigarette. ike brandy-grog. Citizen Labouchere very tall, fine man. Large ind. He is Journalist for ze foreign politiq of ze *Daily News Telegraph*, an evening Journal, of vich ze weekly edition is called, *e World an Truce*—zat is Citizen Labouchere's devise. Vat noble rds—*Ze Vorld an Truce!* Citizen Labouchere has a son called dmond. He loves him with passion.

Adieu, my friend. *A biento!* Death to tyrants! *Abas les propriétaires! Viv nous autres! A bas les autres!*

Jules Gueulard.

"Delegate Ground" at the Colinderies.

From the same O Sitoien Jean Jaques Desverres-Gonday *Konseiller Munisipalle a Lotel Deull, Paris.*

Mon Vieu,

Tu a toutjour zeté un bon zig pour moi eh lé jourre de la rand pay can je navet palle sou couvant tu ma refleury le tain avec trois ou catre vers de schnik et dez boks inombrabe. Say pour sa que je te phlanque une laitre pour te dir de mez nouvel et te raconté mes zavanture parmis ses gredain de mangeur de rosbif et buveur de porterre. Sachet mon bon que l'angleterre est un pay tray canail. Londre ait une vil eksesivement saloppe. Nyapa de Hal Sentral l'seul marchai quai ses zimbessil ait un mauvé troux quille zapel "Mod Salade Markett" ainçi nomay par un fichue drolle de journal *Le Ponche*. "Mod Salade Markett" veux dir Marchay Boueuse Sait dune puantheure infect. Onnyvent que des laitgum dais phrui ez quelque fleure. On vous fay payé une dmi killogram de raysin cinq shellin—fiichtre! La journay dun om!—et toute sept pouriture apartien eaux Duc de Gotourbedport dont le fisse shnay ait Marqui de Mod Salade. On diray du vo. Jeunœu ti diré rien dafer public. Tout sa tu trouvera dan lez laitre quand ma calitais de deleguez jenvoi a notte journal bienehmai *Le Voyou*. Onmoffe dez comme phabuleuze pour le droy de rayimprimez ses laitres. Adieux mon vieu. Ses shamô de cokney de savent pas un brain de se quai la vié libbertay com nous lentendont a Paris. Salu tay Fraternitez.

Ton ami Jules Gueulard.

GOING NORTH!

The following condensed extract from a contemplated edition of *Bradshaw*, specially annotated and revised for the purpose, is recommended to all thinking of journeying beyond the Tweed:—

London—10 A.M.—This train crammed with tourists, sportsmen, dogs, babies, servants and general passengers, made up to double its ordinary length, is at last started thirteen minutes late and leaves the station at a slow crawl.

Grantham—2·17 P.M.—Arrives here one hour and fifteen minutes behind time. Passengers can alight here and ask guard what it all means, but will get no information.

York—4·59.—Fresh influx of tourists, sportsmen, dogs, guns, and babies here. Train stops eighty-seven minutes for dinner. Passengers wishing to be in time for the Highland train from Perth, can here threaten the Directors, write to the *Times*, or go back to London by the next train and give it up.

Newcastle—9·29.—Train two hours and twenty-seven minutes behind time. Third-class passengers who wish to protest, can get out here, and, tearing their hair, bathe their heads in cold tea in the refreshment-room, in presence of the local porters. Wait of twenty-seven minutes about nothing in particular.

Edinburgh—12·2.—It being past midnight, all passengers alight here off their heads, and after chasing the Station-Master all over the building, join in a general Scotch reel on the down platform, from which they are finally with difficulty hustled back again into the train by the authorities, aided by the police, and are at last started *en route* for Perth, a hundred and seventy minutes behind time, singing "*Scots wha hae*" in unison.

Perth—3·13 A.M.—Reached three hours and thirty-five minutes after time, the last Highland train having started North two hours and a quarter previously. Passengers, on hearing this announcement made to them, and being informed they must finish the night on the platform, alight here in wild hysterics, and proceed to wreck the Pullman sleeping-car, and make a bonfire with the *débris*, the Traffic Manager, who endeavours to interfere, only escaping being lynched on the spot by climbing up aloft, and hiding in the iron rafters. The Refreshment-room is also broken into soon after daylight here, when a wild orgy on cold coffee and uncooked salmon cutlets ensues, and is continued till tickets being inspected under the supervision of the local Military, the morning traffic is resumed, and the tourists, sportsmen, dogs, servants, babies, and general passengers, are gradually despatched northwards, in diminishing, but irritable and discontented batches, and the ordinary business of the day is once more proceeded with as usual.

N.B.—The information furnished in the pages devoted both to the Midland and North-Western routes is equally explicit and satisfactory.

A Policy of Inquiry.

"We have determined to appoint a small Commission."
Lord Randolph Churchill.

Old *Digby Grant* in the *Two Roses* found
A way of settling old accounts completely;
He simply gave "a little cheque" all round,
And thought that finished up the business neatly.
Of that prig's precedent does Randolph reck?
Well, he has slightly altered the position,
Digby squared all things with "a little cheque,"
Churchill would square them with "a small Commission."

A Play, that was omitted from the German celebration of the Centenary of Frederick the Great last week was, *L'Ami Fritz*.

'ARRY AT STONEHENGE.

Dear Charlie,
I've 'ad a prime 'oliday, barrin' the botherin' rain,
And the pick o' the basket, old man, was our picknik to Solsbury Plain.
So twigging some stuff in the *Times*, pile o' rot about rabbits and me,
I'll jest give yer *my* views on the pint, as will settle the case, dontcher see.

Stonehenge is a fraud, my dear Charlie! Some old Arkylogical bloke,
As caught me and Bob arter luncheon, a-doing a doss and a smoke,
Pitched up a rare yarn about Wandals, wotever *they* are, and made out,
As the stones wos "a precious possession!" Big bee in' 'is bonnet no doubt.

"A precious old graveyard gone wrong!" sez Yours Truly. He shuddered, dear pal,
And pattered a proper old barney to me and Bob Jones, and his gal,
About Druids, and sickles, and mizzletoe, Slortering Stones and such stuff,
Till I asked 'im if tuppence 'ud stash 'im; as sent 'im away in a 'uff.
Arter that we 'ad larks and no error; played kiss-in-the-ring round the stones;
It's a proper old spot for that fun, and that crumby young cautin, Poll Jones,

ADVANTAGES OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Mould. "Let it remain here, and I'll come back for it!"

Chef de Gare. "Je n'comprends pas, M'sieur!"

Mrs. Mould. "Try him in *Latin*, my Love."

Mr. Mould. "All right. Look here, Mossoo—*Requiescat in Pace—Resurgam!*"

Chef de Gare. "Ah! parfaitement! Que ça reste ici, et puis vous reviendrez!"

Said the Druids no doubt 'ad done ditto, of course on the strictest Q.T.
"And that's wy they went in for mizzletoe, isn't it, 'Arry?" sez she.

We done pooty well though, without it, did Polly and me, mate, you bet.
Then we went in for akrybat capers, and arter a blow and a wet,
I cut my name and Poll's, with a knife and a big nubbly stone I'd chipped off,
On a block called the Friar's Heel, Charlie. At carving you know I'm a Toff.

Then we lighted a fire and made tea; and the heat split one stone all to bits,
With a bust as set Polly a-shrieking, and sent brother Bob into fits.
'Owsomever I soon smoothed her down with a smack and a harm round her waist,
And I brewed 'er a dose of 'ot lotion as seemed pooty much to 'er taste.

Now whether 'twas that or the 'eat, Charlie, blowed if I know, but I guess,
As we both forty-winked it together, my 'ed upon Polly's pink dress.
And next thing I found myself prowling on Solsbury Plain all alone,
'Cept a bloomin' old bloke in a bedgown as perched on the top of a stone.

His hair wanted cutting tremenjus, he 'd mizzletoe wropped round 'is nut,
And the way as he goggled at me, mate, was something *too* awfully but.
He sez, "Ruin seize thee, thou ruthless one," adding some bosh about banners,
And crimson-winged conquest. "Dry up, you old Josser," sez I—"Where's yer manners?"

Sez he, "I'm a Druid!" "Oh, are yer?" sez I—"then I shan't jine *your* lot—
A Forester now, or Odd Fellow, looks smart, but it's all tommy rot
Knocking round in a nightgown in this way, with greens on your head, and a sickle,
Just like a dashed reaper gone dotty. You *are* in a bloomin' fine pickle."

Sez he, "Sacrilegious young Cad, I should like to cremate you in wicker,
As once I would do with the heathen." "O scissors!" sez I, "here's a licker."
Did you and your gang build these ruins? If so, you abusive old muff,
They could teach you down Tottenham Court Road 'ow to make better use of the stuff."

"*You* cut your Cad's name on my cromlechs, *you* tread all my trilithons smooth?"
Yells he. "Yes," sings I, "you old cross between Guy Faux and General Booth."
"Why, you 're wus than those mischievous rodents the rabbits," sez he. "Oh, all right!
Cuss away till you're tired, my old Mivvy," I arnsers, and jest took a sight.

That give him the needle I tell yer, he 'caved up his 'and for a stroke,
And, dodging his bloomin' old 'ook, I rolled over on Polly and woke.
It was coming on dusk, so we cockshied the stones with our bottles, and then
We chortled away o'er the Plain, and got 'ome by a quarter to ten.

We'd a rorty old time, and no kid. But Stonehenge, as I say, is a fizzle,
And now 'ere's them Wilts Arkyologist Mugs on the grump and the grizzle
Concernin' the mischief as me and the rabbits have done, and the *Times*
Drops down on me, jest like that Druid, and treats my amusements as crimes.

They 're hard on me, Charlie; they 're 'ard on me, dash 'em! Stonehenge, they declare,
Will be "vulgarised out of its venrable charms" by Yours Truly. Well, there!
A bloomin' old stone-yard like that! Talk of running a ha-ha all round.
Ha! ha! Polly's larf at my 'ot 'uns 'ud beat 'em to bits, I 'll be bound.

There won't be no larks left at all if old Lubbock 'as all 'is own way,
No picknicks, no cockshies, no name-cutting! Life ain't wuth living, I say,
If all barneys like these must be boshed. No; as long as a knife I can carry,
I mean 'anding down to the 'centries the name of yours, larkily,

'Arry.

MORE "CHICKEN AND CHAMPAGNE!"

We thank thee, Mr. Mowbray Morris for having taught us this phrase. We have received at our office a card, of which the following is an exact copy:—

Empire Theatre, 18th August, 1886.

"Mr. D. Nicols having now undertaken the direction of the above Theatre, and wishing to be personally acquainted with the gentlemen of the Press, will be pleased to see them at the Café Royal on Saturday next, the 21st inst., at 6 p.m."

This expresses a most amiable intention on the part of Mr. D. Nicols, of which perhaps "the Gentlemen of the Press," may have by this time shown their full appreciation. We should be inclined, however, to think that the Gentlemen of the Press, will have shown their self-respect by not accepting Mr. D. Nicol's kind invitation, and that those irresponsible journalists who may have availed themselves of the Director of the Empire Theatre's disinterested and genial hospitality will not be precisely the Gentlemen of the Press.

Is Mr. D. Nicols also the proprietor of the Café Royal? the name is similar, and if he be, we can thoroughly compliment him on his *cuisine* and his cellar, and upon the general management of his restauration. Why can't he be content with his success there, instead of seeking for a new Empire, the possession of which has not been an unmixed blessing to its former Directors. However, as he has gone in for a new venture, let it stand on its own merits; but Mr. Nicols will, we fancy, find himself mistaken, if he thinks that the gush of such "Gentlemen of the Press," as he has feasted and fêted at the Café Royal, will be of the slightest service towards establishing the success of his new speculation in Leicester Square.

Plucky Creatures.—"Is Ostrich-Farming Cruel?" Rather, perhaps, when the poor birds are plucked. In that case they would affect the sympathies of Undergraduates and other students. Only the Ostriches are not condemned to undergo a stiff examination.

A WATER COURSE.

III.

Arrival completed—Remarks on Site—Dinner—Company—Restrictions—Casino—Little Horses—Risks—An Introduction—Retirement—Night—Morning—The First Glass.

The luggage has arrived. The Cherubic Doctor and the Colonel have been carried up with it by the omnibus, and the whole lot, consisting of the two men and the four boxes, have been safely deposited on to the roof of our hotel.

One of the gracious Nymphs of the Eugénie Fountain.

"To what address shall we have our letters sent?" I ask M. Baehl.

"Oh," replies our obliging Manager, "it is all the same. We are five hotels, one on the top of another, the Premier, the Splendid, the Continental, the Chabassière, and the Annexe. Address which you like, Sir; the letters are sure to come safe."

"Pairfaitly," says the Colonel. "Tere ees er man who cannot read; he sort all ter letters, and tey are delivered all right. Vonterful!" And he smiles encouragingly on M. Baehl, as if he had been bestowing the highest praise on the method adopted.

Three of the abovementioned hotels seem to have been built in the lower part, and the two others are built against the upper part of a rocky mountain-side, an advantageous site, probably the result of a prehistoric volcanic eruption—(which could not of itself have thrown up a whole collection of hotels from the depths of its own inner volcanic consciousness)—and from the garden-court-yard, where the *salle à manger* is situated, and which therefore is the centre of attraction to all the visitors, are various flights of steps leading down to mysterious-looking door-ways and passages, so that this garden resembles the feeding ground of a human rabbit-warren, and we are the bunnies who at stated times come out of our holes, run up to feed, and, having finished our meal, we pop back into our holes, not to be seen all together again till next feeding-time.

"Now," says Doctor Hammond Putteney, "we give you twenty minutes to prepare for dinner. We are already late," and his face actually assumes an air of severity, which is probably not entirely unconnected with an interior appreciation of the emptiness of most human organisations at a certain fixed hour.

None of us require any further hint, the Colonel and Madame Leverrier are already disappearing down into a hole on the left of the warren, we catch a glimpse of the last of Mrs. Dinderlin's skirt as she vanishes into another hole opposite, Mr. Baehl retires into his bureau hole, the waiters, who have come out to take stock of the new arrivals, are scampering back into their *salle-à-manger* hole. Dr. Hammond Putteney runs down an incline, and apparently goes head-first into his own particular hole. The Concierge, in blue and silver livery, appears out of a sort of game-keeper's hut on the premises, (and perhaps it is at the sight of him that all the rabbits have scuttled away frightened), the Chambermaid and Boots belonging to our *étage* appear on the steps leading to our rooms, and following their lead, we also vanish to our holes under the roof—which sounds more like starlings, or mice, than rabbits—and I find myself overlooking a most beautiful view which tempts me away from my sumptuary preparations for dinner. When I emerge and come out into the upper air, there is no one on the garden-roof. The Concierge (who most annoyingly will insist on speaking English, but whom I persist in answering in French,—his nationality being Swiss and his native tongue principally German,) informs me that they have all gone into dinner; and at an oval table, private, and out of reach of the noise and rattle of the *table-d'hôte*, from which we are divided by a temporary screen, I find seated Madame Leverrier, Dr. Hammond Putteney, the Colonel, Mrs. Dinderlin, Cousin Jane and next to her a lady with whom Cousin Jane seems already on terms of the closest intimacy, and to whom she immediately presents me. She is a Mrs. Toffam, a sparkling-eyed American, speaking with just enough accent to give her remarks a certain piquancy which arrests attention. I have often remarked that a commonplace observation about the weather, a request to pass the salt, or an inquiry as to the state of your health, if given with the least American intonation, will be received by an ordinary English audience with a broad grin; and an obvious repartee, similarly delivered, will be the signal for almost inextinguishable mirth.

Dr. Hammond Putteney at meal-times is more cherubic than ever, as, metaphorically of course, he "sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack"—poor Jack representing in this case the patients generally, who, while feeding, are under the lynx-eye of Dr. Putteney.

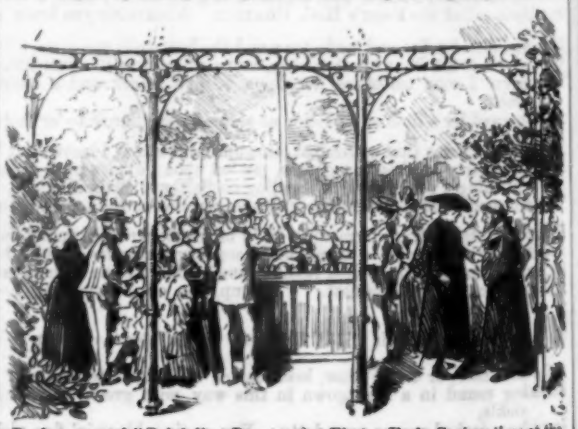
Never have I seen the proverb that what is one man's meat is another's poison, so perfectly illustrated, as in this dining-room, and at our particular table, where Dr. Putteney, with his watchful eye, not only on us, but on the diners at many other tables, partakes heartily of everything, as he is out for a holiday, and "treating himself"—and I must say he treats himself very handsomely. On the table, with the costly wine of the country, of which, as at La Bourboule, the Hotel is so lavish that as much as each person can drink of this rare stuff (thank goodness, very rare!) is included in the price of the dinner, and so we call it "the generous,"—a name by which it is henceforth known to the waiter who serves our table,—there are all sorts of the waters of the place, César, St. Mart, and Fonteix, which, as the Irishman said of the whiskey, "take the cruelty out of the water,"—only, in this case, it is the water which takes the cruelty out of the wine.

As everyone at our table is taking baths and waters, we have plenty to talk about, the main subject at every repast being our progress, our symptoms, and ourselves generally since we were last together round the festive board.

None of us ever meet without comparing notes of new pains and fresh symptoms. When undergoing a treatment, the knowledge that others are having, or have had, all the pains which have so taken oneself by surprise on their first appearance, is a great solace and encouragement to persevere. It is comforting to be assured that your particular pain in your own particular toe is not the only pain in the world; that others are suffering equally in corresponding toes, and that others have suffered it and have got rid of it—"it may be for years, it may be for ever." And let me add, with all my heart and toe, another quotation, "If for ever, then for ever fare thee well!"

The night is lovely. We take our coffee and cigars—Dr. Putteney permits coffee, cigars, and *liqueurs*, and I hope Dr. Rem, to whose care he will resign me to-morrow, will be of the same opinion—out in the garden of the Casino Samie, and once more, after an interval of two years, I see my old friends, the *petits chevaux*, with their *petits jockeys*, going round and round with the same provoking uncertainty; and, as if they, too, were glad to welcome me back again, they allow me to back the winner twice out of three times. Cousin Jane, becoming rash, ventures two francs, and retires discomfited. She says she was not made for a gambler, and thinks that as early hours are to be our rule, the sooner we go to our rooms and "couch ourselves" the better for health.

Just as we are leaving, Dr. Rem enters the grounds, and Cousin Jane and myself are introduced to him. Slight, above the middle height, is Dr. Rem, with a countenance expressive of the utmost benevolence, and clear bright eyes which regard you straight in the face, as much as to say, "Yes, I am benevolent and kind, but don't you attempt to presume on these qualities, or you'll find yourself considerably out in your calculations, my friend." Dr. Rem, like Sir Pen Oliver, Grand Master of the Knights of the Octave Table, is not only a distinguished physician, but a man of letters, an enthusiast in every department of science, something of an artist (as indeed his name indicates), and as devoted to music as is Sir Pen to etching and painting. He is an Englishman, though his name is foreign, and, if there were another syllable to it, he would have been able to claim descent from one of the greatest of the Old Masters. I am to begin by taking one glass at the Eugénie Spring to-morrow



Performance of "Drink" at Royat. Act First. Early Spring-time at the Fontaine Eugénie.

morning, and then I am to call on the Doctor, when my real serious Water-Course, under his orders and the personal supervision of the Cherubic Doctor, is to commence in earnest.

My window is open all night. I look out on to the park, where the

lights are glittering among the trees, and where the little horses are still playing, *à deux francs* the course, and then I look up at the woods, the vineyards, the near hills and distant mountains. The entire country is volcanic; in ages gone by it has been in a frightful state of eruption; then suddenly the mysterious arsenical, ferruginous, and potassian waters sprang up and cured the eczema on Dame Nature's face. This is my history of Royat. Balmy air; no flies; no mosquitoes, but no sleep—to speak of. Very restless. Up betimes next morning. Air balmier than ever. Room faces nearly due North—perfectly cool. Dr. Puttenney, looking even more cherubic than usual, and, finishing a cigar after his first *petit déjeuner*, calls to take me to Dr. Rem's room, where we are to hold a consultation, and decide on what is to be done with me. On our way we make a slight *détour* and call at the Eugénie Source, where at the hands of an elderly buxom nymph with a huge pink bow above her cap, I receive my first glass of the Waters of Royat.

Rectification.—Page 89, in some of the earlier copies of last week's "Water Course," Paper No. II., I am made to say, "Up-hill all the way, &c., past hotels, ships, and booths, &c." Aha! fancy "*ships*" at Royat! Of course a misprint for "shops."

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("*Litera scripta manet.*")

XXXIX.

My dear Sir, *Bedford Park.*

You ask me if I can tell you, "in a friendly way," and "shortly," why I am so angry with the Academy. Sir, these things cannot be stated shortly, nor in a friendly way! It began *years* ago. My first picture was rejected; was thrown on my hands. It represented "*Jonah and the Whale.*" I was obliged by poverty, Sir, to sell it (with alterations) to the keeper of an angling inn, as a sign. It is thus that a country like ours treats original genius.

There is worse to come. You have, indeed, hung me, sometimes, but not always, on the line, and often in the Fifth Gallery. Meanwhile, all the time that the Academy has been keeping me down, out of mere spite and jealousy, they have elected all the young men I started in life with! *They* are popular painters. *My* "*Siege of Samaria*" (painted on the spot, too, as far as it can be ascertained), and representing *real* Jews, *really* awfully hungry, has *not* been bought by the nation. What is the Chantrey Fund good for? And you ask me to be short, and you ask me to be friendly. But wait till I start a really National Exhibition (with me for President). Just you wait. Yours, more in sorrow than in anger,

Pottoboiler Brown.

XL.

Dear Sir,

You ask me to be one of the Guarantees of a fund for a National Exhibition, in which no Academician or Associate shall be allowed to exhibit, nor anyone who paints from female models. Excuse me for saying that, whether I regard your scheme as a pecuniary investment, or as a mode of encouraging national Art, I cannot hope to find profit in the project.

With sincere regret, believe me yours,

To P. P. Brown, Esq. Dives Consols.

XLI.

Dear Jane, *The Dovecot, Bullocksmithy.*

I am quite unhappy about Atalanta. She has been so silly about a dreadful young man, a Mr. Prigsby, who came here lecturing, and lent her books and things, and talked nonsense about Greece, and Buddhism, and read his own poems. I'm *sure* he means nothing at all; he is only what I call an educational flirt. He pretends he has a mission to educate women, and it's just another name for the most heartless flirtation. May I send her to you at Scarborough for a month? Don't say anything to her, of course.

Your affectionate Sister, Anne Girton.

To Mrs. Bullock, The Jungle, Scarborough.

P.S.—I found her with this letter to-day, crying:—

(*Enclosed.*)

Dear Miss Girton, *Hôtel Meurice, Paris.*

I cannot help writing to say how much I enjoyed the time I spent in lecturing at Bullocksmithy, and especially how much I owe to your kind sympathy and assistance. In future I shall often look back with pleasure to those edifying hours. I hope you will keep up your studies of Omar Khayyam, if only in memory of me. We are not likely ever to meet again, as I am on my way to study Esoteric Lamaism, in Thibet. Whether I become a Mahatma, or only remain as at present, a humble "*Chela* taking notes," as Burns says, I shall never forget all the kindness I received at Bullocksmithy. Pray don't take the trouble to return my books; you may present them to the local Mechanics' Institute. With all remembrances to your family. Believe me, sincerely yours,

Adolphus Prigsby.

XLII.

Dear Carr, *Hôtel Meurice, Paris.*

You are on the list to lecture next winter at Bullocksmithy, on "The Renaissance in its Darker Aspects," as usual, I suppose? I don't know if you will find them very appreciative at Bullocksmithy. I've been there, lecturing on "Buddhism made Easy," "The Light of Asia," and all that. They are not very sympathetic, except a dear gushing little thing; Atalanta Girton is her funny name. Please don't tell the Girtons you know me, but, if they do find it out, tell them I am studying Lamaism in Thibet. We shall meet at St. Gatien's next term, no doubt; I like to run down and see the old Dons. I'm going to Monte Carlo. Yours ever,

C. Carr, Esq., St. Gatien's, Oxford. A. Prigsby.

XLIII.

The envelope of the following letter is lost, the date is illegible, and we fail to recognise the signature:—

My dear Randolfo,

Now you are a big swell and Leader in the place of Old "Collared Head" as we used to call him, do not forget your humble follower and faithful chum of the good old Fourth Party days. Remember how I backed you up and prompted you when you were a little uncertain of your points. You'll want me near you, I know you will, after a time; there'll be some chance for me in a bye-election probably, and till then you can find me something to do which will not keep me so far away from my old companions-in-arms—we were all parliamentary babies-in-arms together, so to speak—as I am now. *I don't like the climate:* if I stay out here much longer it may affect my head, and I may do strange things. I should be sorry to embarrass the Government in any way, so the sooner you have me back, and by your side, the better for all. Love to Gorst and Balfour. You've not done very much for them, but, after all, it was as much as they deserve; and no doubt you are keeping back a real good thing for yours ever most heartily and sincerely,

Cairo, Egypt. Your own old Drummy.

THE NEXT WAR—ON PAPER.

"Now," said the English General, as he sat in his tent speaking to his Chief of the Staff, "have we got everything ready?"

"Yes, Sir," replied his trusty assistant, "all is arranged according to precedent. You know the enemy have landed?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the General. "Theoretically, they should have been blown out of the water by the torpedoes of our fleet."

"Theoretically, they have; but actually they are on their way to attack us."

"Well, well," murmured the Commander of the English forces, "I suppose it can't be helped—the Admiralty is responsible, and theoretically, it is nothing to us."

The Chief of the Staff bowed and smiled. His superior continued, "And now, how about the Cavalry—have we six regiments thrown forward as scouts?"

"Not perhaps in the field—but on paper," replied the subordinate.

"Well, that should avoid a surprise. Go on,—what more?"

"We have the right number of troops, the proper amount of transport, and the necessary supply of ammunition, as you will see Sir, by looking at this return."

"It seems all right," replied the General, glancing at the document. "Have all these statistics been verified?"

"Well, not exactly," returned the Chief of the Staff. "You see, we can only count upon a general average. When we tried the force in the field at Aldershot, we did the same. There we employed substitutes for the real things, boot brushes for rations, soap for ammunition, and it answered very well."

"Has every regiment its own baggage-waggons?"

"Certainly—at least on paper."

"And its proper amount of ball-cartridges?"

"Certainly—on paper."

"Then, after so much careful foresight, we are bound to beat the enemy."

The Chief of the Staff was on the eve of giving an answer, when a disturbance outside the tent caused him hurriedly to quit his senior's presence.

The General waited for a little while, and then, growing impatient, repeated his question peevishly,—

"Then we are bound to beat the enemy?"

"Certainly—on paper," was the reply, spoken in broken English; and, five seconds later, the theoretical vanquished had arrested his theoretical conqueror.

"Hallo! I say! what are you after?" cried the astonished British General, in accents of the greatest wonder. "Don't you know that this defeat of the English Army is utterly impossible?"

"Certainly," replied the Foreigner, as he spiked all the guns he could lay his hands upon, helped himself to the treasure-chest, and hauled down the British Flag—"certainly it is impossible—on paper!"

THE JOYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photographer (about to make his fourteenth attempt). "*Could* you manage to look a little bit less *Dreary*, Sir—*just* for half a Second—*not* more!"

ON THE PROWL.

"Old Ephraim," as Western hunters call him,
Of all *carnivora* of his bulk and force,
Till lust of prey or chance of fight befall him,
Seems the most innocent—to sight, of course.
That sleepy sniffing and that shambling shrug
Hint little of the horrors of his hug.

That lurching loiterer bloodthirsty? Bless us!
Who would imagine that those pottering paws
Could clasp you closer than the shirt of Nessus?
Or that those pendulous and dribbling jaws
Could close upon you with a ruthless crunch,
And on your lifeless carcase coolly lunch?

Yet trust in Ephraim would prove swift ruin
To the unwary wanderer in his way.
And is it other with the Northern Bruin?
That plodding plantigrade in search of prey?
He does not growl, he hardly makes a sound,
He's surely simply taking a look round.

Pleasant old gentleman! Pray let him loiter.
He always was of an inquiring turn.
He loves to ramble and to reconnoitre;
Suspicion is a thing kind hearts should spurn.
Think you he's an *Autolycus* who rifles,
A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles?

Perish the thought! All confidence must perish
If such a simple brute one may not trust.
Faith in one's fellows is a thing to cherish.
And yet how oft in the red trampled dust
That speaks of cruel strife and crafty plot,
Is found sly Bruin's sanguinary slot!

Is it Arcadia or Eldorado
Of which this shaggy saunterer is in search?
How oft the vision of the Lion's shadow
Makes him retreat with slow reluctant lurch!
Beware! The furtive eye, the smothered growl,
Betray the fact that Bruin's on the prowl.

Patti-cake, Patti-cake.—"Home, sweet home" made Patti-cake, value £500, was presented to the Swansea Hospital by Madame Patti, who sang for the benefit of this institution. Among the artistes who "gave their services," on this occasion were, according to the *Times'* report, "Mr. John Thomas," of the Welsh Harp, "Signor Tito Mattei," who sang "*O dear, What can the Mattei be?*" and played on the Ti-to-tum, and "Mr. Augustus Spalding," who also, it is to be presumed, kindly "gave his services." Will this gentleman, hitherto we believe a distinguished amateur histrion, now go on the operatic stage as Signor Augustino Spaldini? Finally, Sir Hussey Vivian, representing the Hospital Committee, presented Madame Patti with her own portrait by Sant, R.A., as a sort of plea-Sant memorial of the occasion. Very amiable conduct on the part of a Welsh Hussey.

House of Call for "Bobbies."—The Spotted Dog.

THE ORACLE OF ARGYLL.

Written after the Great Duke's speech in the House of Lords, August 19th, 1886.

Air:—*Mary of Argyll.*

I have heard the bantam flinging,
His challenge to the morn;
I have seen his comb up-springing,
Red as poppy 'midst the corn.
But a louder crow has cheer'd me,
When Macallum More arose,
I have seen a crest that 's ruddier,
And beheld a cockier nose.
'Twas thy voice, my canny Campbell,
And thy high omniscient smile,
That have made the Lords a Delphi,
For the Oracle of Argyll!

Though thy voice hath lost some sweetness,
And thine eye its brighter blue;
Though thy step may lack old fleetness,
And thy hair its flaming hue;
Still to me, thou art a marvel,
'Midst the Peers still peerless known,
I've admired thee for thy modesty,
But not for that alone.
I have watched thy ways, Macallum,
And 'tis clear our Saxon isle,
Holds no Crichton *half* so clever,
As the Oracle of Argyll!

Sicily and Cyclops.—It is proposed to bore a tunnel under the Straits of Messina. Truly, a gigantic undertaking. But Sicily was the land of Polyphemus.

ON THE PROWL.

A TIMES-LY CAUTION.

Dr. Times (with affectionate severity). Now, my dear Master Randolph, remember that the Errors of your past Career have been neither few nor small. Do not let me hear of your repeating them. Be careful to avoid anything like levity, ill-temper, or any form of Indiscretion; and I trust you will do your best to rise to the level of your new Position as Captain of the Lower School, from which I hope I shall not have to send you down for bad conduct. Now, go!"

A DARING DOCTOR.

[Dr. Withers-Moore, recently speaking at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, deprecated the spread of the higher education of women, as unfitting them for the duties of maternity.]

Here's man a strange concocter
Of new rules for female life,
Women, says this daring Doctor,
Should keep clear of mental strife.
'Mid the audience assembled
There on Brighton's famous shore,
Cultured ladies must have trembled
At the words of Withers-Moore.

Women should be wives and mothers,
That's their duty, so he said;
Not competing with their brothers,
Reading with an aching head.
Marriage only should content all
British maidens, high and low;
Cramming them is detrimental,
Quoth our Brighton Medico.

Withers-Moore, your sage address is
Very sensible it seems;
But each lady who professes
Culture will emit shrill screams.
You'll be scorned, denounced and scolded,
But a day may still come, when
Girls will do as girls of old did,
And devote themselves to men!

Terpsichorean.—The Advertiser, who has won in a lottery a damaged Steam-Roller that has been, by misadventure in its delivery, backed into his front area, where it now lies blocking up the approach to his premises, with its boiler burst, is anxious to meet with a light-footed and accomplished Marine-Store-Dealer who will be willing to remove it piecemeal as old iron, furnishing him, in exchange, with a series of finishing Dancing Lessons, that shall be continued till the whole is entirely carted away.—For further particulars apply, by letter, to Saraband, Post-Office, Stepney.

THE DAY'S AMUSEMENTS.

For Members of Parliament in Town at the present Season.

6 to 7 A.M.—Early bath in the Serpentine.

7 to 8.—Visit to Covent Garden, to watch scavengers at work.

8 to 9.—Breakfast, enlivened by the strain of a German band of three performers.

9 to 10.—Constitutional to the Duke of York's Column, for the purpose of counting the number of visitors entering and leaving it within the hour.

10 to 11.—Take a turn in Kensington Gardens, and inspect the blue mud dug up from the bottom of the Round Pond.

11 to 12.—March with the Guards' Band to Wellington Barracks, and then proceed to Victoria, to watch the departure of the cheap fast train for Margate, Ramsgate, and Herne Bay.

12 to 1 P.M.—Attend the opening of a new publichouse in Shaftesbury Avenue.

1 to 2.—By omnibus down the Tottenham Court Road, to lunch at the other end.

2 to 3.—Walk back, taking the Egyptian Department at the British Museum on your way, finally stopping at Piccadilly Circus to take notes of the departure of the traffic for Hammersmith.

3 to 4.—Watch Local Lawn Tennis Championship Match from the roadway in Bloomsbury Square.

4 to 5.—Go down to House of Commons, and wait a quarter of an hour for a Count Out.

5 to 6.—Second constitutional up and down Lambeth Suspension Bridge.

6 to 7.—Witness the departure of the Continental express from Charing Cross.

7 to 8.—Attend successively at Euston Square, St. Pancras, and King's Cross, and see off the respective Limited Mails for the North.

8 to 9.—Dinner off vegetables at the Colinderies, or what is left after a heavy day's work.

9 to 10.—Spent in a free stand-up fight in getting out of the Exhibition, and into a carriage at the Station at South Kensington.

10 to 11.—Stop at St. James's Park, and crawl to the Westminster Hospital to have head, shoulder-blade, elbows and shin, seen to by the House Surgeon.

11 to 12.—Seen home in a four-wheeler by a friendly policeman, and finally deposited safely on your own door-step.

A VERY BAD SCOTCH JOKE.

Who says the North Britons have no sense of humour? At Dumfries a Ladies' Committee, acting on behalf of the poor, appealed to the Local Authority against the shocking state of the dwellings of the lower classes—hovels let out at exorbitant rates, and without water or the means of decency—but without success. Upon this, one of their number—a true Sister of Charity—addressed a formal letter of complaint to that body, of which the following is an extract:—

"Hitherto the efforts of the Committee have been utterly in vain. Up to the present moment nothing has been done. In addition, I may add that in the house in the Coffee Close mentioned as having had sickness in it for two months, ill-health still affects that unfortunate family, the mother having had an illness since, and being in poor health at the present time; further, that the house in English Street, possessed by a Magistrate, and let at £10 per annum, has had its rent (at Whitsunday) increased to £10 10s. per annum, without the introduction of water or any other sanitary convenience."

And how was this piteous tale met? With "laughter!" And so the petty tradesmen and owners of house property at Dumfries constituting the "Local Authority" grin and do nothing while sickness and suffering pave the way to death! Surely these contemptible chucklers cannot be men—they must be laughing hyænas!

1846. OUR MEDICAL STUDENTS. 1886.

RESCUE FOR RICHMOND.

At least some Vestrymen are not blockheads, or perverse opponents of progress, or reckless wasters of public money. There is salt in the land yet, and the savour of its good sense is shown in the Vestry-Hall at Richmond, Surrey.

What Londoner has not seen, and what foreigner has not heard of, the beauties of the view from Richmond Hill, and its world-famed glorious Terrace? But the speculative builder threatens it with his abominations unless the Local Government Board in its wisdom and paternal power rules otherwise, and permits the plucky Richmond Vestry to purchase the Buccleuch Estate, of nearly twelve acres, as they propose to do, for £30,000. Where are the Open Spaces Committee of the City Corporation? Here is a chance for them to be at once truly Conservative and genuinely Liberal. *Certes*, £30,000 is a respectable sum for a little go-ahead town like Richmond to put down for the purchase of even one of the loveliest spots in England, to be kept green and public for ever for the benefit of the town, but also for the benefit of Londoners. Let Londoners therefore lend a helping hand, through the City Corporation which has preserved Burnham Beeches from the barbarous bricks and mortar.

There may be several Richmonds in the field, but only one Richmond-on-the-Hill; and should the speculative builder triumph, this lovely site in Surrey would indeed be a surry sight.

At Richmond Vestry Hall, next Friday, the Local Government Board Inspector will hear the *pros* and *cons* of the case, including the evidence of the foolish ultra economist, who, to save a sixpence for his own miserable pocket (by way of rate), would barter away the fair fame of Richmond Hill. Speak up while there is time! In the name of all the Maids of Honour, for the sake of the Lass of Richmond Hill, *Mr. Punch* raises the cry of Rescue for Richmond!

Strange!

Sir William Harcourt, after telling Canning's celebrated story of the painter who could paint nothing but red lions, pointed the moral at Her Majesty's Government and its many Commissions. What is now called the "Government of Red Lions," liked Sir William's waggish tale so little, that they would not even "roar" at it. *Bottom* himself would have done better than this.

CHICAGO CONVENTIONALITIES.

The Fenian Leaguers met in their Irish-American thousands. Worth noting that one Rev. George Pepper, a Methodist Minister, not an Irish Roman Catholic Priest, came out very strongly, and took Heaven to witness that, if there were a call from Ireland to their brethren in America to come over and help them, there would be one pulpit—his own, so he might have said one "pepper-box"—vacant in New York. He was quite ready to go over and give the Saxons pepper. A gentleman from New Jersey, who seemed more fitted for an old-fashioned strait-waistcoat than a new Jersey,—one Mr. M'Adoo—was rebuked by the President for making M'Adoo about nothing. Mr. Davitt professed sentiments of the utmost friendship and esteem for Mr. Finerty, and then they both had a jolly good row together, in which Davitt was doughty, and Finerty was floored.

That the meeting should have been held in the Music Hall was of good augury for the harmony of the proceedings.

Doing the Impossible.

[Mr. Sexton has been returned for both the South Division of Sligo and the Western Division of Belfast.]

Of course we've all heard
Of Sir Boyle Roche's bird,
'Tis known to the veriest dunce;
That bird's knocked to bits
By bold Sexton, who "sits"
In a couple of places at once.

Prospects of Sport in the Fields of Art.—A few sporting outside artists have joined the Hunt, in the hopes of being in at the death, and getting the brush marked A.R.A. The cubs may show some sport, but the old R. A. foxes are too wary to let themselves be caught whether in or out of the season. They are provided with excellent covert within the groves of the Academy in the grounds of Burlington House.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 39.

CHURCHILLS 'ALL; OR, ALL CHURCHILLS.

(*Designed by Sir Wm. H——, after a celebrated Picture in "Punch," October* 25, 1884.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, August 19.—Both Houses met again to-day, avowedly for despatch of business. This greatly furthered by meeting of Lord Chancellor, and four other Peers, disguised as usual. To them enter Speaker, Sergeant-at-Arms with mace, and Chaplain, with heads of a sermon that they never let him deliver.

"Don't know how it is," the Rev. Gentleman says, "but congregation always disperses when they see me put my right hand to my tail-pocket. But I have 'em at prayers."

Had 'em to-day by the hundreds. Everybody on the look-out for seats; at the corner if possible, anywhere else when these were gone. Chaplin taken up corner seat below Gangway, the one which Randolph would have appropriated if he hadn't come into his inheritance. Curious to see how, when Ministers took their seats, they glanced askance at Chaplin.

"He means mischief, I fancy," Hicks-Beach tremulously whispered in Randolph's ear. "Suppose he gets Sclater-Booth and Cavendish-Bentinck to follow him? There's a new Fourth Party made, and we'll have to look out for squalls." Randolph laughed; but the laughter had a hollow sound, and his pensive cheek grew momentarily paler.

Newly-elected Ministers sworn in, Randolph coyly leading off. Sorry to take the *pas* of Hicks-Beach, but some one must go first. Randolph cheered, but not more than Charlie Beresford, and not as much as Ashmead-Bartlett. Charlie's walk down the House always gives one curious sensation that the floor is heaving like the quarter-deck of ship in breeze. "Come aboard, Sir?" he said to the Speaker when he lay-to off the table. "Order! Order!" cried the Speaker. "Thank you, Sir, I will," he replied, and sheered off to the refreshment bar. As for Ashmead-Bartlett, House evidently recognises in him prop of the Ministry. Cheers from both sides greeted his advance to the table. Randolph had better look out.

Proceedings on the whole rather dull. House irreverently laughed when Speaker calling on "Chancellor of Exchequer," Randolph appeared at the table. But he, with great gravity, declined to see the joke. Addressed House with dignified manner, and sat down without calling anybody a rodent. Depressing effect upon the House. Proceedings only partially relieved by discovery of brown-paper parcel, and this happened too late to be thoroughly effective. House empty; Mr. Milman having completed work at table, passing out, saw brown-paper parcel on bench where Irish Members had most thickly clustered. To send for Police matter of half a moment. Police came, and "took it up," under personal supervision of Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms. Parcel carried at arm's-length into Lobby. "It's ticking, I feel it's ticking," said the agitated Policeman. Evidently no time to be lost. The more it ticked the nearer was the moment at which explosion would occur. Brown-paper parcel dropped into bucket of water, and then triumphantly examined. Turned out to contain broken bits of iron. Merely a sample of the kind of argument current in recent Belfast controversy. An Irish Member thought good thing to submit it to the inspection of the House. Quite irate at Policeman who put parcel in bucket. Talks of raising question of privilege.

Business done.—Address moved.

Friday.—Joseph Gillis long known to his friends as subtle humorist. To-night gave taste of his quality to new House. Sexton been returned for two Irish constituencies. Election petition pending in one. Speaker, therefore, a fortnight ago told him he must await decision in Sligo before deciding for which place he shall sit. To-night Joey B., with *pince-nez* airily dangling from his forefinger, and document in hand, gives notice for the issue of a writ for Sligo, Sexton, he says, having decided to sit for Belfast. Speaker points out that Motion cannot be made for reasons communicated to Sexton and familiar to Joseph Gillis. Joseph said never a word in reply. But, regarding his expressive countenance, it was clear to read his response.

"Really, now, and was that so? Well, Speaker was sure to be right, and if he (Joseph) had only known this, nothing would have induced him to trouble Speaker to make a public statement on the subject."

Having made this clear—"much after the manner of *Mr. Quilp* paying deference to *Mrs. Jinniwin*," as Harcourt observed—Joseph covered his face with his copy of the Orders, and audibly chuckled.

After this, debate on Address resumed. Harcourt made lively speech, which from time to time took the form of conversation with Randolph. Leader of House continually bobbing up and down, interposing remarks.

"This won't do!"

"This won't do," said old Mr. Pugh, regarding young Leader critically. "Gladstone used to be easy to draw, but he was adamantine rock compared with Randolph, who is more like a parched pea in a frying-pan than the Leader of the House of Commons. I remember how my old friend Pam used to sit and let people rave around him, and so did Dizzy. Randolph, to start with at least, should never take his seat on Treasury Bench without having an eight-pound weight in either trouser-pocket."

Business done.—Adjourned Debate on the Address.

"GETTING ON SWIMMINGLY!"

From the *Times'* record of the Royal Humane Society's recent awards—"A bronze medal was bestowed on Mr. Hermann Vezin, of the Opéra Comique, for the following gallant act: On the 18th ult. while at St. Margaret's Bay, Dover, Mr. Vezin saw a man struggling in the sea, and apparently drowning twenty-five feet from the shore. He, at once, only divesting himself of his coat, plunged in, dived, and succeeded in rescuing the man, who, however, subsequently succumbed from the shock."—Bravo, Mr. Vezin, by far the best part he has ever played! "'Tis not in mortals to command success," and though he most thoroughly deserved it, he did not achieve it.

How often have not his unaided efforts gone far to saving a piece from utter shipwreck? And how Mr. Wilson Barrett must regret that, owing to the unavoidable accident of having to be present somewhere else at the moment, he was not "on the scene" of the great sensation Drama of *All in the Downs, or St. Margaret's Bay.* Brayvo, Vezin! We hope he had some dry goods handy, and that he found his coat when he returned to shore.

The "Bitter" Cry.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson on the Bench says, "Here
I will not grant a licence to sell beer."
As Magistrate his conduct is not flawless,
Let's change his title to "Sir Wilful Lawless."

"Off with his Head!"

We read the following startling announcement in the *Athenæum*:—

"Sir John Savile Lumley has given to the British Museum his fine head and fore-part of a horse from a chariot group which was dug up lately at Civita Laviniа (Lanuvium)."

It is certainly a most generous gift. But we cannot help wondering what Sir John will do without his head, and what the Authorities of the British Museum will do with it, now they have it.

MUSICAL PERIPATETICS.

The Promenade Concerts are designed to suit every shade of musical taste. But on Wednesdays the first part of the programme is exclusively devoted to strains which are termed "classical," that is to say, sufficiently *high-classical* to be worthy a place in serious music. Last Wednesday's Concert was very largely attended by many to whom the announcement "classical" was a distinct attraction.

Crowe on "a Classical Night."

Among the best features of the First Part was Miss Josephine Lawrence's rendering on the piano of a Beethoven *Concerto*. Though at times overweighted by the band, who did not play so well together in this as in some subsequent numbers, Miss Lawrence rattled the ivories with a precision and execution that were in the highest degree creditable. Next followed Madame Enriquez, whose full round contralto voice elicited most deserved enthusiasm in Handel's "*Lascia ch'io pianga*," but she was ill-advised in complying with the rowdy demand for an *encore*. A *Canzonetta* for band, by Benjamin Godard, though refreshingly delicate and quaint, was, on the other hand, ill-appreciated.

Mr. Barton McGuckin sang, with orchestral accompaniment, the "*Prize Song*" from *Die Meistersänger*. He gave the voluptuous music very well, though the instrumentalists sometimes struggled for supremacy with the soloist. He, too, was approvingly yelled at by the enthusiasts in the gallery, and, after holding out till victory seemed in his grasp, weakly surrendered at the last moment, and sang the whole thing over again better than before. But all this wasted time sadly and indefensibly. If not undesirable on other grounds, the practice of spinning out the first part of a Concert is grossly unfair to the artists appearing in the second. And to say that *encores* cannot always be resisted, is, in the simple language of the East, "bosh."

The Symphony in D, by Anton Dvorak, concluded the First Part, and its performance, especially that of the first and last movements, reflected equal credit on the patience of Conductor, Orchestra, and the audience. The *Allegro* was played finely; some passages in it recall the "*Hallelujah Chorus*." The *Adagio* was rather dry work—very long-drawn. The *Finale* closes with a massive sequence of ingenious and striking chords, bringing the Symphony to a not particularly pleasant, though hardly unwelcome conclusion.

After the solid meat come the sweets. And so, early in the Second Part, Mr. Crowe's new Vocal Waltz, "*Little Sailors*," was heard for the fourth time in public. The principal melody of "*Little Sailors*" is so like that of "*See-Saw*," and "*Fairie Voices*," or rather, so like a combination of the two, that the resemblance can hardly be accidental. Having got a good idea, Mr. Crowe evidently means to develope it. His motto is, doubtless, "When found, make a note of." His "*Mine To-day*" means a particularly rich *mine* for the future. But the question becomes a grave one *how many more* of these waltzes is he going to write? Is he merely working on the Three Years' System, or is each succeeding Season to revive the ashes of the past? These are solemn thoughts. It must not be supposed, however, that there is no novelty in the new waltz. On the contrary: the introduction and the last number (No. 4) are not only extremely effective and pretty, but also fairly original. The words are rather queer at times, and the promise—addressed to "Sweethearts and Wives"—

> "When we are far away at sea,
> We'll drink then to *thee*,"

seems made rather in the interests of rhyme than of grammar, but "*Little Sailors*" answers very well on the whole, and the youths and maidens of Mr. Stedman's Choir make a pretty picture in their nautical costumes. Subsequently a new and capable vocalist, Miss M. Lucille Saunders, sang an air from *La Favorita*. Owing to the lateness of the hour, a *Saltarello* by Gounod was passed over to make way for her. But even thus, thanks to the *encores* in the first part, many were unable to wait till the end of the song, and among those compelled to leave was

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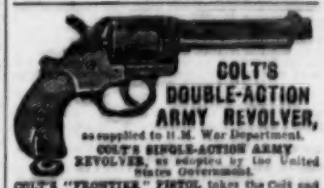

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